



# Fate



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## Chapter 1 by Amelia Rose

Greek mythology tells the story of three women, usually described as ugly and old, stern and severe, that determine the fate of everyone. Naturally, they are called the Fates. The myths say that their names are Clotho, Lachesis, Atropos, and they spin the threads of life, determining when each person will die and who will love who. At least that's what the myths say, and they're just myths, right? Stories that had no truth behind them. The fates aren't real, are they?

Well, that's what everyone thinks.

## Chapter 2 by Erjsl



That's also what I used to think. Until I saw them. I saw them outside my bedroom window. Weird right? They were whispering to each other and probably deciding fates. I didn't want to interrupt, I just wanted to listen, but of course, I had to trip over the extension cord and cause my lamp to fall over. They suddenly seemed alert.

"Someone knows we're here." One of them said.

"Don't be silly, Clotho, no human can see us."

"What if it's not human?" Clotho replied.

"Don't be so naïve!"

"I can be naïve if I want Lachesis!" "Atropos?" Clotho turned around to see Atropos pointing at me.

"Oh my!" Lachesis said.

"Hah! I was right!" Clotho beamed. Lachesis crossed her arms over her chest.

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"Hello there." Atropos said quietly.

"Hi?" I said while questioning my vision.

"So who's kid are you?" Lachesis asked.

"Lachesis, don't be so straight forward." Clotho warned.

"I'm human, completely human." I said to myself. Not happening. That's what I told myself.

"No you're not. If you can see us you are most definitely not 100% human, Ayla." Atropos said, rather creepily.

"How did you know my name?" I asked very creeped out.

"We know everything." Atropos replied, then she must of saw my weird expression because then she said "I'm kidding, it's above your bed." I nodded.

"So am I gonna die or something?" I asked. I figured they were outside of my window for a reason. Maybe I was gonna find love.

### Chapter 3 by GP



#### \*She never got to say goodbye.\*

"You like this boy, Mark, yes?" asks Clotho, a smile playing on her lips.

"M-Maybe," I replied, blushing furiously.

"Well, due to some *poor judgement* from my colleagues here, Mark currently likes Jessica. But, we are the Fates, and this may change. Now," said Clotho, suddenly businesslike. "If you wish this to change, you must do three things for us."

"One," said Atropos. "Come with us to find your ancestry - for real. You are not human, and we must determine your powers."

"Two," said Lachesis. "Travel with us to the underworld to ring the Gong of the Fates."

"And Three," said Clotho. "You must go and find this boy and give him something to bind the magic, such as a rose."

I blushed.

"Can't you guys just do that stuff? Do I have to come?" I asked, scratching the back of my neck nervously.

"Hey, we're not maids! Magic is more complicated than you think when you're not one of the

Twelve Olympians!" snapped Lachesis.

"Don't sweat it," Clotho told me. "We'll take care of you. We're about that promotion.

Hephaestus got it in the end. Now, come out to show it to us!"

"Wait, my family!" I started.

"She never got to say goodbye."

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